

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

dress thy gallantries except to women whose feet are larger than their shoes."

Philadelphia.

— Mr. Henry Giles will reside in Quincy, Mass., this summer, and will for some weeks supply the pulpit of the Unitarian Church of that town.

— The friends of Mr. George Peabody, in Baltimore, have made a contribution for the purpose of procuring a full length portrait of him. The painter and cost

T. Buchanan Reed, has been employed to proceed to London for this purpose.

For The New York Saturday Press. MAY-DAY IN NEW YORK.

BY ALICE GILL.

They say, and people, crab-like, sought to change
Their earthly shells, but not because, like crabs,
They had outgrown the whole of last year's crust:
Some changed because a lightened purse had made
Them shrink into more healthy size and shape,
And others changed, but knew not why they changed.

In cities, where men later all for gold,
Lovers' woodbine never creeps about the sides
Of home, nor into chamber-window peeps.
A welcome there to meet from those who love
To twine with grace her tendrils round the porch,
Until, grown forward by their smiles, she weaves
Her meshes over all the frame, and binds
The owner's heart amid her bloom.

In vain
Do men paint frescoes on the wall, of trees,
And rocks, and gushing streams; they cannot tempt
A bird to leave his leafy home, and light
Upon a golden perch to sing to them.
I know not if I slept, but this I know,
I dreamt the sun, mistaking me for dew,
Drew up my form into a misty cloud
Below me lay the city, where were men,
Like poplars in line, who careless toiled
To beautify their homes, which looked to me
Not half so fair, as do the coral reefs
By waves away lovingly embraced.

Two May, but yet it did not seem to be,
Nor did I wish, in gentle shower, to fall
Upon that restless and unhappy mass
Of toiling men. No thirty tails held
Their streaked drinking-cups to catch my rain.
No daisy went up to bathe her lovely face,
No pink sent up its fragrant breathing prayers,
To woo my touch. With anxious looks, men heaped
The daisies with all their worldly household stuff,
And plodded on through all that moving crowd,
With just, on the way, they often felt
Full-half their wealth, and sometimes half their care.
Thus, as the day wore on, they ran into
Each other's arms, as children oftentimes do,
When at the game of "fooly, fooly come,"
They play.

But those were changes made by those who warm
With life, and hope, and strivings after gain:
Could give direction, by their will, how high
Or low they'd have their bodies rest at night.
A little knot of crabs, both black and white,
Blew by the thoughtless wind, did sadly tell
That May had found, for one, without a will,
A home for which base envy would not strive.
They brought the body forth, but O, how small!
And as the long procession moved on,
I heard them say: "I was but a little child."
And then they talked of beef and pork, of devils
And bonds, and mortgages.

Slowly winding like
A worm, they crawled along the narrow streets,
And sometimes, too, as though a gardener's spade
Left them in twain, they parted to let pass
A lumbering barrow, or a gaily coach.
I, aided by the wind, did follow near,
And nearer, ever nearer, sadder grew,
Until unto a little green they came
Where one poor sickly willow, gently bent,
And fresh-tended earth did plainly mark the spot.
The little dark, and lonely, resting place
Of baby innocence. There fell my tears
In golden showers, and there, when May comes round,
The golden-crowned dandelions bloom, all o'er,
To mark that little home.

(From the Independent.)

THE EXCOMMUNICATION.

BY MRS. HARRIET BERNICE STOWE.

It was, I suppose, an hour or two since, said, "Well,
I suppose you know the Excommunication is up at last."
"Not possible!" said we.
"Yes," he answered, "several persons have seen it.
I saw, but could not get near enough to read it.
It is posted at the doors of St. Peter's, and of all the churches."

Immediately we drove to St. Peter's, it being now
time for vespers. As we entered the grand old court,
the effect of the mingling of costumes and forms in the
evening sunlight was picturesque and dreamy. A train
of various religious came filing down the ample
steps, the foremost of whom were all shrouded in deep
blue, with the exception of eye-holes. They wore
a black cross, and walked chanting. Behind was
a long train of sisters in black robes, with white veils,
also chanting. A procession of College students, in
scarlet robes, with black caps, was passing inward, as
they came outward—while monks, cardinals, officers,
men, women, and children, were scattered in groups
all over the steps.

At the door, we saw two great printed sheets posted
on the pillars, each side, so belged in by men reading
that it was difficult to get a sight at either. A portly,
well-to-do Cardinal stood nearest, reading with an ex-
pression of pleased satisfaction. A very handsome
stripling priest was turning his large, dark, tremu-
lous eyes upward in the same direction, with a face
of boyish curiosity, while we made a note how exactly
the classic cut of his features resembled some of the
antiques in the Lateran Museum. Behind him was a
tall Dominican in his white robes, and by his side a
straggly, long-necked Capuchin, with his coarse brown
woollen frock, little black skull-cap, and deepest,
eager black eyes, and various priests in their great
black shawl-hats, all intent on the document before
them, not a word spoken, but evidently pressing upon
each other in their eagerness to devour every word.
A similar group was gathered round the other pillars,
but the chance of reading was so small that we pressed
by to the church.

There was a royal obscurity within as the twilight
found its way down the long, splendid aisles, where
were sweeping every variety and form of costume that
Rome knows, from the bright regimentals of the officer
to the rags of the poorest beggar. The lamps around
the shrine of St. Peter glimmered like a swarm of
stars—golden blossoms of the sky wreathed around a
tomb. From the side chapel of the Holy Sacrament
we could see also the great candles lighting the wings
of gilded angels, while the weird, strange voices of
the Pope's choir were rising and falling in bursts of fitful
music. There is something in these fabled voices
ghostly and unnatural—sometimes startling you with
a strange sweetness, which like certain perfumes, has a
bewitching intensity that suggests something morbid.
They sound more like the wallings of departed spirits
than the healthy, natural songs of earthly prayer or
praise—but heard at twilight, when the lights, the
costumes, the shadowy effects of the architecture, are
upon you, their effect is in the highest degree striking
and romantic.

It is one of those enchantments by which the great
Sybil finds her way to the nervous fibres and creates a
sensuous bewilderment which may be mistaken for de-
votion.
All through the vast church, people were standing
in knots, whispering, walking up and down the aisles
or kneeling in long ranks before the shrine of the gold-
en lamps.
One fair Italian coquette was kneeling, with bewitch-
ment in her languid eyes, which looked up seductively
every now and then, and not far from her a ragged
beggar, equal counterpart of the splendid marble floor.
The row of scarlet-robed students stretched off like a
band of warlike men—black-robed priests were
were kneeling among them—citizens, women, officers,
all were kneeling silently, while their lips moved as if
in prayer, and every now and then a floating breath

bore the vesper chant from the side chapel over their heads.

I saw a tall, imposing figure, in black robes, sur-
rounded by a knot of ecclesiastics, talking earnestly.
As I drew near I saw among them a beautiful little
boy, with perfect features, and large dark eyes, dressed
in priest's robes, to whom the elder appeared to be ad-
dressing earnest counsels. The boy looked not unlike
than ten or eleven years of age. One sigh to think
that even before he could choose for himself he is to
lay aside all hope of a real, manly life, to become like
those other priests, to whom seem all forlorn the
virtues of man.

Yesterday evening was spent in service at the house
of a distinguished Italian, where we met many of the
most distinguished liberals. The Excommunication was
the common topic of conversation. Many had
seen, but few had read it. I saw only one who had
really got near enough to ascertain its contents. It is
a long document of three closely-printed columns,
written in ecclesiastical Latin, mentioning no names,
but pronouncing the Major Excommunication on all
who have indeed abetted or been accessory to the re-
cent transfer of the property of the Church. There is
the usual compulsion of word-ending in Latin, which
reminds one of the Ingolstadt Legends.

In turn
We read, and then, as the Pope's name was mentioned,
But still, as no names are mentioned, the curse is
merely set up in market for anybody to take whom it
suits, and as one gentleman remarked, "In default of
news here in Rome, the Excommunication will be
talked of, but in San Marino and Tuscany people will
scarcely give it a thought."

A gentleman who was in the San Marino legation some
years since, said that an Excommunication legation
the same form was launched at Victor Emmanuel some
years ago, when he disclaimed the monasteries and con-
vents, which had no benevolent purpose connected with
them. The King paid no attention to it, and assisted
at a grand mass directly afterward, as it is thought he
will now. "It is understood on all hands that General
Lamarmore is to take the command of the Papal troops."
Thus the Pope is falling more and more into the arms
of France, much as he hates her.

General Lamarmore is of liberal and republican prin-
ciples, and the Liberals hail his accession as a good
omen. Such is the "on dit de salon" at present.
An Italian gentleman last evening told me that being
at St. Peter's yesterday at about 3 o'clock, he saw a
procession of young men of noble families, who came
in and made their orisons at the various shrines, for
the Pope in his troubles. On inquiry he found that
they had been solicited to do so by written invita-
tions, to which they were requested to return answers
affirmative or negative. This, he said, will be vaunted
in foreign papers as a demonstration from the young
men of Rome.

I observe, posted in various places, a document
headed "Sacred Invitation," in which all the faithful
are invited to sympathize with their dear Mother
Church, who is in bitterness and sorrow, through the
wiles and devices of enemies. The faithful are there-
fore invited to a Triduo—a peculiar service of prayer—
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SUA CULPA.

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Cloud-scyntains, in blades of blood,
Like Fates flared o'er the ebbing flow:
Placed out; and all the day was hot!

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And river still ebbed toward the sea:
The drink with the treacherous analysis
Of the odorous Summer Joannines,
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Like fever-flashes, through his sleep:
There was no dew—though it did weep—
Fell on his spirit: not even Death's!

She left him! . . . Then, his soul awoke!
The storm came hurrying through the Night:
The angry River rushed roaring back,
Bearing strange Wrecks upon its track:
Strange? Ay! For one . . . was stricken in white!

(CHARLES D. GARDNER.)

MOTS FROM 'MOMUS.'

MOTTO FOR BONAVENTURE.
(Borrowed from Albert Weller.)
Aut Senex aut Nullus.

A TRUTH.
The new penny-post delivery has one advantage.
People who send letters may be sure of their reaching
their destination, as the carriers are certain to take
the one cent.

FATAL LOSS OF TIME.
In vain did 'Sayers' seconds' cry out 'Time!
Sayers was dead! 'Give me this fight—'tis mine!
'The fight is mine,' cried Heenan, with a frown:
And in two seconds knocked both seconds down.
Heenan's own days must surely decline:
Heenan has knocked two seconds out of time.

THE OPENING OF THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.
The Split in the Charleston Convention.
FANCY SKETCHES.
Lottery Drawings.
CHARLESTON FAIR.
Meet and drink.

PUGILISM FROM 'VANITY FAIR.'
A PARADOX OF THE P. R.
Pugilists fight in a 'ring,' and each of the combat-
ants has his 'corner.' How is this? Has it been re-
served for the P. R. to solve the problem of squaring
the circle?

THE RING OF THE TRUE YANKEE METTLE.
The P. R.
WHAT THE AMERICAN EAGLE GIVES BRITANNIA IN THE
P. R.
He-licks her (Elizer).

PLURAL, AND NOT SINGULAR.
The Benedict Boy ought not to be surprised at the re-
sult of his fight with Sayers. The stakes, being Two
Hundred Pounds, how could they be won?

BRITISH FAIR PLAY.
The English Fancy have always boasted—and often
in a very offensive manner—that Fair Play was the
gem of Old England. When our Boy was about to
thrust their Champion, however, those Lovers of the
Manly Sport got up what is vulgarly known as a Plug
Music, and wrested the Champion's Belt from the right-
ful winner. This was rather lively Play, but the only
fair it is appropriate to is Donnybrook Fair, with a
good deal more of Donnybrook than Fair; and this is
the opinion of Vanity Fair.

THE NEW STYLE OF SPINNING COAT.
Cuffs à la Heenan, turned out à la Sayers, one-sided tal-
lars à la Bell's Life, and cornered pockets à la Morris-
sey.

THE ENGLISH STYLE OF BOXING-UP.
Breaking through the ropes to defeat our Champion.
THE FLOCK OF CHIVALRY.
Heenan—after going through the Mill without bot-
tling.

JOKES FROM THE COMIC 'DAILY ADVERTISER.'
BOSTON.
Faded. That G. A. Johnson be allowed to sell for Corn in the
Town House, the same as he has done for two or three years last
past, on the payment of \$10 into the Treasury.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOFORTES,
Since 1822.

No. 694 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Since the period in which JONAS CHICKERING established
this house 27,000 pianos have been constructed and finished under
his supervision and at his house, for the superiority of which
they have received the highest premiums over all competitors.

Thirty-Eight Prize Medals
have been awarded them at exhibitions in the United States, being
the highest premiums over all competitors.
They also received the

Prize Medal
at the World's Fair in London in 1851.
The names of Thalberg, Mendelssohn, and Liszt, need only be re-
ferred to, to show of what class the judges upon this occasion were
composed.

The attention of the public is specially requested to the new
Scales Piano and Overstrung
GRAND & SQUARE PIANOFORTES,
which, for Quality, Strength, and Purity of Tone, Delicacy of Ac-
tion, and general style of Finish, are unsurpassed by any Piano
now offered to the public. This fact has been attested to by the
leading artists of this country and of Europe.

My Dear Sir,
I can only repeat that which has been said so often by others as
well as myself—that I consider the Chickering & Sons Piano far
beyond comparison the best I have ever seen in America.

S. THALBERG,
PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 10, 1850.
Messrs. Chickering & Sons,
Gentlemen—I wish to thank you for the use of your Pianoforte,
which you have so kindly furnished me for my four Concerts in
the city, and to say in this connection that the opinion which I
expressed three years ago has been more than confirmed to me by
the continued use of them, viz. that for volume and pure quality
of tone, with purity of action, they are unequalled. Truly,
the reputation of the Chickering Piano is well deserved. I re-
main yours, very truly,
GUSTAV KETTER.

LAURENCE BROWN, NEW YORK, May 10, 1850.
Messrs. Chickering & Sons,
Gentlemen—During the tour of Mr. Maria Ponomareff in the
United States, I have successfully used the various Pianofortes
manufactured, and therefore believe myself capable of judging of
their various merits. I most unhesitatingly give the preference
to your Pianofortes for their quality of tone, delicacy of touch,
and uniform execution.

E. METZ,
Conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, and at the
Academy of Music, in New York.
Baltimore, Feb. 2, 1850.

My Dear Sir,
Allow me to thank you for the use of the splendid Grand Piano
which I have had at "Uman's" Concerts in this city. I think that
it is a needless repetition to do so by written invita-
tions, to which they were requested to return answers
affirmative or negative. This, he said, will be vaunted
in foreign papers as a demonstration from the young
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The storm came hurrying through the Night:
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Strange? Ay! For one . . . was stricken in white!

(CHARLES D. GARDNER.)

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The demand has heretofore been far beyond our ability to supply,
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This is the original shape of
The Driggs Patent, or Violin Piano,
and it is equally applicable, not only in the principles of its con-
struction, but in its shape, to the Violoncello, the most perfect, because
the most convenient instrument, for the use of the family.

The case is a viennese style, free from all strain of the strings,
and the oval shape retains more perfectly the vibratory action,
sustaining the tones with wonderful purity, and making the instru-
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Inventor and Patentee.
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THE KIDNEYS, THE THROAT,
ALL Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel.

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FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

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HENRY CLAPP, Jr., Editor.

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THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT.
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WM. TRAVIS, Surveyor.

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Office No. 68 Wall Street.
CAPITAL, \$250,000.

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J. M. Sargent,
John Carroll,
John Stewart,
John C. Green,
John B. Crocker.

WILLIAM PITT PALMER, President.
ANDREW J. SMITH, Secretary.

THE HARMONY
Fire and Marine Insurance Company
Having removed to
60 Wall Street,
Continue the business of Insurance as heretofore, on the most
liberal terms.
WM. CALLENDER, President.
R. O. GLOVER, Secretary.

THE GEORGE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OFFICE:
19 NASSAU STREET, AND
BULL-HEAD BANK BUILDING,
Corner East 25th street and 3d Avenue.
CASH CAPITAL - - - \$200,000.

DIRECTORS:
William D. Waddington, President.
Frederick Schuchardt,
Adrian Iselin,
Edward Jones,
Robert Lewis Kennedy,
Edward Burckhardt,
James W. Beckman,
Charles De Rham,
A. McL. Agnew,
William Bloodgood,
William F. Cary, Jr.,
George A. Robbins,
Samuel L. Mitchell, Jr.,
David Jones,
William D. Waddington, President.
JOHN R. SMITH, Secretary.

CITY
Fire Insurance Company,
No. 61 Wall street.

This Company, with a Cash Capital of \$200,000, with a surplus
of over \$100,000, insures against loss or damage by fire on the most
favorable terms.